

ROBIN

GOOD-FELLOW,
HIS MAD PRANKES AND
MERRY IESTS.

Full of honest Mirth, and is a fit Medicine
for Melancholy.



Printed at *London* by *Thomas Cotes*, and are to be sold by
Francis Grove, at his shop on *Snow-hill*, near the
Sarazens-head. 1639

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ROBIN GOOD

Fellow, his mad Prankes and
merry Iests.



Not omitting that Auncient forme
of beginning Tales: Once upon a
Time it was my chance to travaile
into that noble Countrey of Kent,
the weather being wet, and my
two leg'd horse being almost tyred
(for indeede my olone legs were all
the supporters that my body had) I went dropping into
an Ale-house, there found I first a kinde well-come,
next good liquoz, then kinde strangers, (which made
good Company) then an honest Hoast, whose lobes to
good liquoz was written in red Characters, both on
his nose, cheekes and forehead; an Hoastelle I found
there too, a woman of very good carriage, and though
she had not so much colour (for what she had done) as
her rich husbands had, yet all beholders might per-
ceiue by the roundnesse of her belly, that she was able
to draw a pot dry at a draught and nere unlace for
the matter.

Well, to the fire I went, where I dyed my out-side,
and wet my inside; the Ale being good, and I in good
company, I lapt in so much of this nappy liquoz, that
it begot in me a boldnesse to talke and desire of them,
to know what was the reason that the people of that

The second part

Countrey were called Long-tayles: The Host
sayd, all the reason that ever he could heare was,
because the people of that Countrey formerly did use
to goe in lide skirted Coates: There is (sayd an old
man that sat by) another reason that I have heard,
that is this. In the time of the Saxons Conquest
of England, there were divers of our Countrey men
slaine by Treachery, which made those that survived
more carefull in dealing with their enemies, as you
shall heare.

After many overthrowes that our Countrey-men
had received by the Saxons, they dispersed them-
selves into divers Companies into woods, and so
did much damage by their suddaine assaults to the Sa-
xons, that Hengist their King hearing the damage that
they did (and not knowing how to subdue them by
force used this Policy. Hee sent to a Company of
them, and gave them his word for their liberty and
safe returne, if that they would come unarmed and
speake with him: This they seemed to grant unto,
but for their more security (knowing how little hee
esteemed oathes or promises) they went every one
armed with a short sword hanging just behind under
their garments, so that the Saxons thought not of any
weapons they had, but it proved otherwise: For
when Hengist his men (that were placed to cut them
off) fell all upon them, they found such unlooked for a
resistance, that most of the Saxons were slaine, and
they that escaped wondering how they could doe that
hurt, having no weapons, (as they saw) reported
that they stricke downe men like Lyons with their
Tayles, and so they ever after were called Kentish
Long-Tayles. And so hee tolde him this was strange, if true, and that their
Countreys honor bound them more to beleve in this,
than it did me.

Truely

Of Robin Good-fellow.

Truely Sir said my Hostesse, I thinke we are called Long-Tayles, by reason our Tayles are long that we use to passe the time withall, and make our selues merry: Now good Hostesse, said I, let me entreat from you one of those Tales: You shall (said she) and that shall not be a common one neither, for it is a Long Tale, a merry Tale, and a sweete Tale, and thus it begins.

The Hostesse Tale, of the birth of Robin Good-fellow.

Once upon a Time, a great while agoe, when men did eate more and drinke lesse, then men were more honest, that knew no knavery than some now are, that confesse the knowledge, and deny the practise: About that time (whensoeuer it was) there was wont to walke many harmelesse Spirits called Fayries, dancing in brybe order in fayre rings on greene hills, with sweete musicke (sometimes in-visible) in diuers shapen; many mad Drunkes would they play, as pinching of stuts blacke and blew, & misplacing things in ill ordered houses, but lovingly would they use Maunches that cleanly were, giving them Ribbet, and other pretty toys, which they would leaue for them sometimes in their shooes, other times in their pockets, sometimes in bryght Basons and other cleane vessels.

Amongst these Fayries, was there a hee Fayre, whether hee was their King or no, I know not, but surely, hee had great gobernement and command in that Country as you shall heare: This same hee Fayre did love a proper young Maunch, for ebery night

The second part

night would he with other Fayries come to the house and there dance in her chamber, and oftentimes shee was forced to dance with him, and at his departure would hee leave her silver and iewels, to expresse his love unto her, at last this maid was with childe, and being asked who was the father of it? She answered, a man that nightly came to visite her, but earely in the morning he would goe his way, whether shee knew not, he went so suddenly.

Many old women that then had more wit, then those that are now liuing, and have lesse said, that a Fairie had gotten her with childe, and they bid her be of good comfort for the childe must needs be fortunate, that had so noble a Father as a Fayry was; and should worke many strange wonders: To be short, her time grew on, and shee was delibered of a man childe, who (it should seeme) so reioyced his fathers heart, that e-very night his mother was supplied with necessary things, that are befitting a woman in childe-birth, so that in no meane manner neither, for there had shee rich imbrodered Cushions, Steeles, Carpets, Coverlets, delicate Linnen: then for meate, shee had Capons, Chickins, Dutton, Lambe, Pheasant, Henne, Woodcocke, Partridge, Quaille: The Gossips liked this faire so well, that shee never wanted company: Wine had shee of all sorts, as Muscadine, Sacke, Maluise, Claret, White and Bastard: this pleased her neighbours well, so that few that came to see her but they had home with them a medicine for the fleas: Sweet meates too had they in such abundance, that some of their teeth are rotten to this day; and for Muske shee wanted not, or any other thing shee desired. All praised this honest Fayry for his care, and the childe for his beauty, and the mother for a happy woman. In byese christened hee was, at the which all this

of Robin Good-fellow.

this good cheare was doubled, which made most of the woman so wise, that they forgot to make themselves unready, and so lay in their cloathes: and none of them next day could remember the Childs name, but the Clerke, and hee may thanke his Booke for it, or else it had bene utterly lost: So much for the birth of little Robin.

Of Robin Good-fellow's behaviour; when he was young.

When Robin was growne to five yeres of age, hee was so knabish that all the neighbours did complaine of him, for no sooner was his mothers backe turned, but hee was in one knabish action or other, so that his mother was constrained (to avoid the complaints) to take him with her to market, or wheresoever she went or rid: But this helpeth little or nothing, for if hee rid before her, then would hee make mouthes, and ill-favoured faces at those hee met, if hee rid behind her, then would hee clap his hand on his Tayle: So that his mother was weary of the many complaints that came against him, yet knew she not how to beat him iustly for it, because she never saw him doe that which was worthy blowes: The complaints were daily so renewed that his mother promised him a whipping, Robin did not like that chere, and therefore to avoid it hee ranne away, and left his mother a heavy woman for him.

E

How

The merry Prankes

How Robin Good-fellow dwelt
with a Taylor.

After that Robin-Good-fellow had gone a great way from his mothers house, hee began to bee a hungry, and going to a Taylors house, hee asked something for Gods take, The Taylor gave him meate, and understanding that he was masterlesse, he tooke him for his man, and Robin so plied his worke, that he got his masters love.

On a time his master had a gowne to make for a Woman, and it was to be done that night, they both sat up late, so that they had done all but setting on the sleeves by twelue a clocke: His master then being sleepy said, Robin, whip thou on the sleeves, and then come thou to bed, I will goe to bed before; I will, said Robin: So soone as his Master was gone, Robin hung up the gowne, and taking both sleeves in his hands, hee whipt and lashed them on the gowne, so that he till the morning that his master came downe: His Master seeing him stand in that fast ten, asked him what he did? Why, quoth he, as you bid mee, to whip on the sleeves: Thou rogue, said his Master, I did meane that thou shouldest have set them on quickly and lightly: I would you had said so, said Robin, for then had not I lost all this sleepe; so bee thout his master was faine to doe the worke, but ere hee had made an end of it, the Woman came for it, and with a loud voyce chafed for her Gowne: The Taylor thinking to please her, bid Robin fetch the remnants that they left yesterday (meaning thereby meate that was left) but Robin to crosse his Master the more, brought downe

Of Robin Good-fellow

downte the remnants of cloath that was left of the Colone: At the sight of this, his Master looked pale but the woman was glad, saying, I like this breake fast so well, that I will give you a pint of wine to it: she sent Robin for the wine, but hee never returned againe to his Master.

What happned to Robin Good-fellow after he went from the Taylor.

After Robin had travailed a good dayes journey from his Masters house, hee came to a house, and being weary hee fell asleepe; no sooner had slumber taken full possession of him, and closed his long opened eye-lids, but hee thought hee saw many goodly proper personages in anticke measures, tripping about him, and withall he heard such Musick (as he thought) that Orpheus that famous Greeke Fidler (had he bene alive) compared to one of these, had bene as infamous as a Welch-Harper that plays for Cheere and Ditties, as delights most commonly last not long, so his thoe end sooner than he would willingly they should have done; and for very griefe he awoke and found by him lying a scroule, wherein was written these lines following in golden letters:

Robin my only Sonne and Heire,
How to live take thou no care,
By nature thou hast cunning shiftes,
Which I increase, with other gifts:
Wish what thou wilt, thou shalt it have,
And for to vex both foole and knave:
Thou hast power to change thy shape
To horse, to hog, to dog, to ape.

The merry Prankes

Transformed thus by any means,
See none thou harm'st but knaves and queanes;
But love thou those that honest be,
And helpe them in necessity:
Doe thus and all the world shall know
The Prankes of Robin Good-fellow,
For by that name thou cald shalt be
To ages last posterity:

If thou observe my just command,
One day thou shalt see Fayrie Land;
This more I give, who tels thy prankes,
From those that heare them shall have thankes..

Robin having read this was very ioyfull, yet longed hee to know whether hee had this power or not, and to try if he wished for some meate, presently it was before him: When wished he for beere and wine, he straightway had it: This liked him well, and because he was weary, he wished himselfe a horse, no sooner was his wish ended, but he was transformed, and seemed a Horse of twenty pound price, and leaped, and courted as nimble as if hee had bin in stable at racke and manger a full moneth: When wished hee himselfe a Dogge and was so, then a Tree and was so, so from one thing to another, till hee was certaine and well assured that hee could change himselfe to any thing whatsoever.

How Robin Good-fellow served a Clownish fellow.

Robin Good-fellow going over a field, met with a Clownish Fellow, to whom hee spake in this manner, friend (quoth he) What is a Clocke: a thing
(answered

Of Robin Good-fellow.

(answered the Clowne) that shewes the time of the day: Why then (sayd Robin Good-fellow) be thou a Cloke, and tell me what time of the day it is: I owe thee not so much service (answered he againe) but because thou shalt thinke thy selfe beholding to me, know that it is the same time of the day, as it was yesterday at this time.

These crosse answeres vext Robin Good-fellow, so that in himselfe he vowed to be revenged of him, which he did in this manner.

Robin Good-fellow turned himselfe into a Bird, and followed this fellow, who was going into a field, a little from the place to catch a Horse that was at graffe: The Horse being wilde ranne over Dike, and Hedge, and the fellow after, but to little purpose, for the Horse was too swift for him: Robin was glad of this occasion, for now or never was his time to put his revenge in action.

Presently, Robin shaped himselfe like to the horse that the fellow followed, and so stood before the fellow, presently the fellow tooke hold of him and got on his backe, but long had he not rid, but with a stumble he hurld this churlish Clowne to the ground, that he almost broke his necke, yet tooke he not this for a sufficient revenge, for the crosse answeres he had received, but stood still and let the fellow mount him once more.

In the way the fellow was to ride, was a great plash of water of a good depth, through this must he of necessity ride: no sooner was he in the midst of it, but Robin Good-fellow left him with nothing but a pack-saddle betwixt his legs, and in the shape of a fish, swome to the shore, and ranne away laughing, ho, ho, ho, ho, leaving the poore fellow almost drowned.

Be.

How.

The merry Prankes

How Robin Good-fellow helpt two lovers,
and deceived an old man.

RObin going by a wood, heard two llovers make great lamentation, because they were hindzed from enioying each other, by a cruell old leacher, who would not suffer this loving couple to marry. Robin pittying them, went to them and sayd, I have heard your complaints, and doe pittie you, be ruled by me, and I will see that you shall have both your hearts content, and that suddainly if you please: After some amayement the mayden sayd, alas Sir, how can that be? my Uncle because I will not grant to his lust, is so freight ober me, and so oppresseth me with worke night and day, that I have not so much time as to drinke or speake with this yong man, whom I love above all men living: If your worke be all that hindzeth you (saith Robin) I will see that done, aske mee not hold, nor make any doubt of the performance, I will doe it: Goe you with your love for 24. houres I will free you, in that time marry, or doe what you will, if you refuse my proffered kindnesse, never looke to enjoy your wished for happinesse. I love true lovers, honest men, good-fellowes, good huswives, good meat, good drinke, and all things that good is, but nothing that is ill: for my name is Robin Good-fellow; and that you shall see that I have power to performe what I have undertooke, see what I can doe, presently he turned himselfe into a horse, and away he ran: at the sight of which they were both amazed, but better considering with themselves, they both determined to make good use of their time, and presently they went to an old Fryer, who presently married them

Of Robin Good-fellow.

them : they paid him, and went their way, where they cupped and lay, I know not, but surely they liked their lodging well the next day.

Robin when that he came neere the old mans house, turned himselfe into the shape of the young maid, and entred the house, where after much chiding he fell to the worke that the maid had to doe, which hee did in halfe the time that another could doe it in : The old man seeing the speede he maide, thought that shee had some meeting that night (for he tooke Robin Good-fellow for his niece) therefore he gave him for other worke, that was too much for any one to doe in one night : Robin did that in a trice, and plaid many mad pranks beside ere the day appeared.

In the morning he went to the two lovers to their bed-side, and bid God give them ioy, and told them all things went well, and that ere night hee would bring them one 10. pounds of her Uncles to begin the world with : They both thanked him, which was all the requisall that he looked for, and being therewith well contented, he went his way laughing.

Home went he to the old man, who then was by, and marvelled how that the worke was done so soone : Robin seeing that said, Sir I pray marvell not, for a greater wonder than that this night hath happened to me, good niece what is that ? (said the old man :) This Sir, but I shame to speake it, yet I will, weary with worke I slept, and I did dreame that I consented to that which you have so often desired of me (you know what I meane) and mee thought you gave mee as reward 10. pounds, with your consent to marry that young man that I have loved so long : Wilt thou dreame so ? thy dreame I will make good, for under my hand writing, I give my free consent to marry him, or whom thou dost please to marry : (and withall writ) and for the 10. pounds goe but into the out
Barn

The merry Prankes, &c.

Barne and I will bring it thee presently: How saith thou (said the old leacher) wilt thou? Robin with silence did seeme to grant, and went towards the Barne, the old man made haste, told out his money, and followed.

Being come thither, he hurled the money on the ground, saying, this is the most pleasing bargaine that euer I made; and going to embrace Robin, Robin tooke him up in his armes, and carried him forth; first, drew he him through a pond to cole his hot blood, then did he carry him where the young married couple were, and said, here is your Uncles consent under his hand, then here is 10. pounds he gave you, and there is your Uncle, let him deny it if he can.

The old man for feare of worse usage, said all was true, then am I as good as my word, said Robin, and so went away laughing. The old man knew himselfe duely punished, and turned his hatred into love, and thought afterward as well of them, as if he had borne his owne. The second part shall shew many incre-

dible things done by Robin Good-fellow, (so called theretofore called Hob-Goblin) and his companions, by turning himselfe into diuers sundry Shapes.

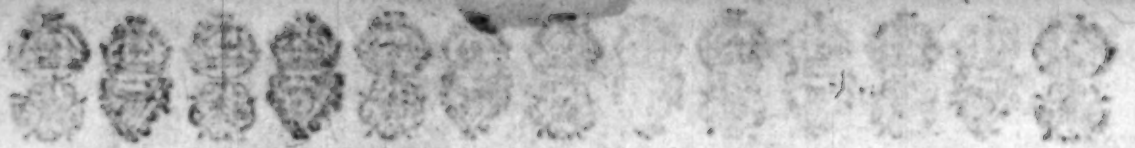
FINIS.



THE SECOND PART
OF ROBIN GOOD-
FELLOW, COMMONLY
CALLED HOB-GOBLIN;
With his mad Prankes, and
merry Jests.



LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Cotes.* 1639.



THE SECOND PART

OF ROBIN GOOD

FEETLOW, COMMONLY

CALLED HOBB-GOBLIN;

With his strange tricks, and

many jests.



Printed by Thomas Cotes, 1688.
LONDON.



THE SECOND PART OF ROBIN GOOD- FELLOW, COMMONLY called Hob-Goblin.

*How Robin Good-fellow helped a Maid
to Worke.*



Robin Good-fellow, oftentimes would in the night visit Farmers houses, and helpe Maids to breake Hempe, to bolt, to dresse flaxe, and to spin and doe other workes, for hee was excellent in every thing: One night he came to a Farmers house where there was a good handsome maid, this maid having much worke to do, Robin one night did helpe her, and in five houres did bolt more, than she could have done in twelve houres: The maid wondered the next day how her worke came done, and to know the rove, she watched the next night that did follow: about twelve of the clocke in came Robin, and fell to breaking of Hempe, and for to delight himselfe, he sang this mad Song:

And can the Phisitian make sicke men well?
And can the Magitian a fortune divine?
Without Lilly, Germaner, and tops in wine?

C 2

with

The second Part.

with sweet Bryer,
and bon-fire,
and straw-berry wyer,
and Columbine.

With in and out, in and out round as a ball,
With hither and thither, as strait as a line,
With Lilly, Germander, and sops in wine :

With sweet bryer,
and bon-fire,
and straw-berry wyer,
and Columbine.

When Saturne did live, there lived no poore;
The King and the Beggar with rootes did dine,
With Lilly, Germander, and sops in wine :

with sweete bryer,
and bon-fire,
and straw-berry wyer,
and Columbine.

The mate seeing him bare in cloths, pittied him,
and againe the next night provided him a wast-coate:
Robin comming the next night to worke (as he did be-
fore) espied the wast-coate, whereat he started & said :

Because thou lay'st me himpen, hamper,
I will neither bolt, nor stampen :
Tis not your garments new or old,
That Robin loves, I feele no cold :
Had you left me milke or creame ;
You should have had a pleasing dreame ;
Because you left no drop, or crum,
Robin never more will come.

Of Robin Good-fellow.

So went he away laughing ho, ho, ho, the maid was much grieved and discontented at his anger, for after she was faine to doe her worke her selfe, without the helpe of Robin Good-fellow.

How Robin Good-fellow led a Company of fellowes out of their way.

A Company of young men having bene making merry with their sweet hearts, were at their coming home, to come over a Heath: Robin Good-fellow knowing of it, met them; and to make some pastime hee led them up and downe the Heath a whole night, so that they could not get out of it, for he went before them in the shape of a walking fire, which they all saw. and followed till the day did appeare, then Robin left them, and at his departure spake these words.

Get you home you merry Lads,
Tell your mammies, and your dads,
And all those that newes desire,
How you saw a walking fire.
Wenches that doe smile, and lisse,
Use to call me willy Wispe;
If that you but weary be,
It is sport alone for me:
Away unto your houses goe,
And Ile goe laughing, ho, ho, ho.

The fellowes were glad that he was gone, for they were all in a great feare that he would have done them some mischief.

How Robin Good-fellow served a
Lecherous Gallant.

Robin did alwaies helpe those that suffered wrong,
and never would hurt any but those that did
wrong to others. It was his chance one day to goe
thzough a field where he heard one call for helpe, hee
going nere where he heard the cry, saw a lusty Gal-
lant that would have forced a young mayden to his
lust: but the mayden in no wise would yeelde, which
made her cry for helpe: Robin Good-fellow seeing of
this, turned himselfe into the shape of a Hare, and so
ran betwene the lusty Gallants legs, this Gallant
thinking to have taken him, he presently turned him-
selfe into a Horse, and so perforce carried away this
Gallant on his backe: the Gentleman cryed out for
helpe, for he thought that the diuell had bene come to
fetch him for his wickednesse, but his crying was in
vaine, for Robin did carry him into a thicke hedge, and
there left him so pickt and scratched, that he more de-
sired a plaitter for his paine, than a wench for his plea-
sure. Thus the poore maid was freed from this Ruffin,
and Robin Good-fellow to see this gallant so tame,
went away laughing, ho, ho, ho.

How Robin Good-fellow turned a miserable
Vsurer to a good house-keeper.

In this Country of ours there was a rich man
dwelled, who to get wealth together was so spa-
ring that he could not finde in his heart to give his
belly fode enough: In the winter he never would
make

of Robin Good-fellow.

make so much fire as would roast a blacke-pudding, for he found it more profitable to sit by other mens: His apparal it was of the fashion that none did weare, for it was such that did hang at a Woakers stall, till it was as weather beaten as an old signe: This man for his covetousnesse was so hated of all his neighbours, that there was not one that gave him a good word, Robin Good-fellow gréved to see a man of such wealth doe so little good, and therefore practised to better him in this manner.

One night the Usurer being in bed, Robin in the shape of a night Raven came to the window, and there did beate with his wings, and croaked in such manner that this old Usurer thought he should have presently died for feare. This was but a preparation to what he did intend, for presently after he appeared before him at his Beds-side in the shape of a Ghost, with a torch in his hand, at the sight of this, the old Usurer would have risen out of his bed, and have leaped out at the Window, but he was stayed by Robin Good-fellow, who spake to him thus:

If thou stirre out of thy bed,
I doe vow to strike thee dead.
I doe come to doe thee good,
Recall thy wits and startled blood;
The money which thou up dost store,
In soule and body makes thee poore;
Doe good with money while you may,
Thou hast not long on earth to stay;
Doe good I say, or day and night,
I hourly thus will thee affright,
Thinke on my words and so farewell,
For being bad, I live in hell.

Having said thus, he vanished away, and left this
Usurer.

The second part

Wrote in a great terror of mind; and for feare of being frighted againe with this Ghost, hee turned very liberall, and liued amongst his neighbours as an honest man should doe.

How Robin Good-fellow loved a Weavers wife,
and how the Weaver would have
drowned him.

One day Robin Good-fellow walking through the street, found at doore sitting a pretty woman, this woman was wife to the Weaver, and was a winding of quilts for her Husband: Robin liked her so well, that for her sake he became seruant to her husband, and did daily worke at the Lume: but all the kindnesse that he shewed was but lost, for his mistresse would shew him no fauour, which made him many times to exclaime against the whole sex in Satyricall Songs, and one day being at worke he sung this:

To the tune of Rejoyce Bag-pipes:

Why should my love now wax
Vnconstant, wavering, fickle, unstaide:

With nought can she me taxe
I nere recanted what I once said.

I now doe see as Nature fades,
And all his workes decay,
So women all, wives, widdows, maids,
From bad to worse doe stray.

As hearbs, trees, rootes, and plants,
In strength and growth are daily lesse,
So all things haue their wants,
The heavenly signes moove and digresse;
And honesty in womens hearts

Hath

of Robin Good-fellow.

Hath not her former being,
Their thoughts are ill like other parts,
Nought else in them's agreeing.

Is sooner thought Thunder
Had power o're the Lau'ell wreath,
Then she womens wonder
Such perjur'd thoughts should live to breath:
Then all Hyena like will weepe,
When that they would deceive:
Deccit in them doth lurke and sleepe,
Which make me thus to grieve.

Young mans delight farewell,
Wine, women, game, pleasure adiew:
Content with me shall dwell,
He nothing trust but what is true.
Though she were false, for her Ile pray,
Her false-hood made me blest:
I will renue from this good day
My life by sinne opprest.

Moved with this song and other complaints of his,
she at last did fancy him, so that the Weaver did not
like: that Robin should be so saucy with his Wife:
and therefore gave him warning to be gone, for hee
would keepe him no longer, This greeved this loving
couple to part one from the other, which made them
to make use of the time that they had: The Weaver
one day comming in, found them a kissing, at this he
said nothing, but vowed in himselfe to be revenged of
his man that night following, night being come the
Weaver went to Robins bed, and tooke him out of it:
(as he then thought) and ran apace to the River side
to hurle Robin in: but the Weaver was deceived, for
Robin instead of himselfe, had laid in his bed a sacke
full

The second part

fall of yarne, it was that, that the Weaver carryed to
drowne, the Weaver standing by the River side saide :
now I will coole your hot blood Master Robert, and if
you cannot swimme the better, you shall sincke and
drowne, with that he hurled the sacke in, thinking that
it had bin Robin Good-fellow, Robin standing behind
him said.

For this your kindnesse Master I you thanke,
Go swimme your selfe Ile stay upon the bancke.

With that Robin pushed him in, and went laughing
away ho, ho, ho, hoh.

How Robin Good-f. flow went in the shape of
a Fidler to a Wedding, and of the sport
that he had there.

O a time there was a great Wedding, to which
there went many young lusty laddes, and pretty
lasses : Robin Good-fellow loving not to bee out of
action, shaped himselfe like unto a fidler, and with his
Crowd under his arme went amongst them, and was
a very welcome man. There played he whilst they dan-
ced, and tooke as much delight in seeing them, as they
did in hearing him: at dinner he was desired to sing a
song, which he did. To the tune of Warton townes
end.

The Song.

It was a Country Ladde
That fashions strange would see,
And he came to a Valting Schoole
Where tumblers use to be :
He likt his sport so well.

That

of Robin Good-fellow.

That from it hee'd not part,
His Doxey to him still did cry,
Come Busse thine owne sweet heart.

They lik't his gold so well
That they were both content,
That he that night with his sweet heart,
Should passe in merry-ment :
To bed they then did goe,
Full well he knew his part ;
Where he with words, and eke with deēdes,
Did Busse his owne sweete heart.

Long were they not in bed
But one knockt at the doore,
And said up, rise and let me in :
This vext both knave and whore,
He being sore perplext
From bed did lightly start,
No longer then could he indure
To Busse his owne sweet heart.

With tender steps he trod,
To see if he could spie
The man which did him so molest,
Which he with heavy eye
Had soone beheld, and said,
Alas my owne sweete heart
I now doe doubt if ere we Busse,
It must be at a Carr.

At last the Baud arose
And opened the doore,
And saw discretion cloath'd in rug,
Whose office hates a whore ;
He mounted up the staires,

The second part

Being cunning in his art,
With little search at last he found,
My youth and his sweete heart.

He having wit at will,
Vnto them both did say;
I will not heare them speake one word,
Watch-men with them away,
And cause they lov'd so well,
Tis pittie they should part;
Away with them to new Bridewell,
There Busse your owne sweete heart.

His will it was fulfild,
And there they had the Law,
And whil'ft that they did nimbly spin,
The hempe he needs must taw:
He ground, he thump't, he grew
So cunning in his art,
He learnt the trad of beating hempe,
By Buffing his sweete heart.

But yet he still would say,
If I could get release,
To see strange fashions he give ore,
And henceforth live in peace:
The towne where I was bred,
And thinke by my desert,
To come no more into this place,
For Buffing my sweete heart.

They all liked his Song very well, and said that the
young man had but ill lucke; thus continued he playing
and singing Songs till candle light, then he beganne to
play his merry Tricks in this manner. First, hee put
out the Candles, and then being darke, hee stricke the
men

of Robin Good-fellow.

men good bores on the eares, they thinking it had been those that did sit next them, fell a fighting one with the other: So that there was not one of them but had either a broken head, or a bloody nose: At this Robin laughed heartily, the women did not scape him, for the handsome it he kissed, the other hee pinched and made them scratch one the other, as if they had bene Cats, Candles being lighted againe, they all were friends, and fell againe to dancing, and after to supper.

Supper being ended, a great Posset was brought forth, at this Robin Good-fellowes teeth did water, for it looked so lovely, that he could not keepe from it. To attaine to his wish he did turne himselfe into a Beare, both men and women (seeing a Beare amongst them) ran away, and left the whole Posset to Robin Good-fellow, hee quickly made an end of it, and went away without his money. For the sport he had was better to him then any money whatsoever. The feare that the Guests were in, did cause such a smell, that the Bride-groome did call for perfumes, and instead of a Posset he was faine to make use of cold Beere.

How Robin Good-fellow served a Tapster for
nicking his pots.

There was a Tapster that with his pots smalnesse, and with frothing of his drinke, had got a good summe of money together: This nicking of the pots he would never leave, yet diverse times he had bene under the hand of Authority, but what money soever he paid for his abuses, hee would bee sure (as they all doe) to get it out of the poore mans pot againe. Robin Good-fellow hating such knavery, put a trick upon him in this manner.

Robin shaped himselfe like to the Tapsters Brewster,

The second part

and came and demaunded twenty pounds which was due to him from the Tapster: the Tapster thinking it had beene his Brewere paid him the money, which money Robin gave the poore of that Parish, before the Tapsters face: the Tapster praised his charity very much, and said that God would blesse him the better for such good deeds: so after they had dranke one with the other, they parted.

Some foure dayes after the Brewere himselte came for his money, the Tapster told him that it was paid, and that he had a quittance from him to shew: Hereat the Brewere did wonder, and desired to see the quittance the Tapster fetched him, a writing which Robin Good-fellow had given him instead of a quittance wherein was written as followeth, which the Brewere read to him.

I Robin Good-fellow, true man and honest man, doe acknowledge to have received of Nicke and Froath the cheating Tapster, the summe of twenty pound, which money I have bestowed (to the Tapsters content) amongst the poore of the parish, out of whose pockets this aforesaid tapster, had picked the aforesaid summe; not after the manner of foisting, but after his excellent skill of bombasting, or a pint for a penny,

If now thou wilt goe hang thy selfe,
Then take thy Apron strings,
It doth me good when such foule birds,
Vpon the Gallowes sings.

Per me Robin Good-fellow.

At

of Robin Good-fellow.

At this the Tapster swoze Walsingham, but so; all
his swearing, the Wyetwer made him to pay him his
twenty pound.

How King Oberon called Robin Good-fellow
to dance.

King Oberon seeing Robin Good-fellow do so ma-
ny honest and merry trickes, called him one night
out of his bed, with these words, saying :

Robin my sonne, come quickly rise,
First stretch, then yawne, and rub thy eyes,
For thou must goe with me to night,
To see and taste of my delight :

Quickly come my wanton sonne,
T were time our sports were now begunne.

Robin hearing this, rose and went to him, there
were with King Oberon a many fayres all attired in
greene silke, all these with King Oberon did wel-
come Robin Good-fellow into their company. Obe-
ron tooke Robin by the hand and led him a dance, their
Musitian was little Tom Thumbe, for hee had an ex-
cellent Bagge-pipe, made of a Wrens quill, and the
skin of a Greene land louse : This pipe was so shrill
and so swete, that a Scottish Pipe compared to it, it
would no more come nere it, then a Jewes-Strumpe
doth to an Irish Harpe : after they had danced, King
Oberon spake to his sonne Robin Good-fellow in this
manner :

When ere you heare my piper blow,
From thy Bed see that thou goe,
For nightly you must with us dance.

When

The second part

When we in circles round doe prance.
I love thee sonne, and by the hand,
I carry thee to Fairy Land;
Where thou shalt see what no man knowes,
Such love to thee King Oberon owes.

So marched they in good manner (with their Piper befoze) to the Fairy Land, there did King Oberon shew Robin Good-fellow many secrets which he never did open to the world.

How Robin Good-fellow was wont to
walke in the night.

RObin Goodfellow, would many time walke in the night with a Bzome on his shoulder, and cry chimney sweepe, but when any one did call him, then would he runne away laughing ho, ho, hob, Sometimes he would counterfeitt a begger begging very pittifully, but when they came to giue him an almes, he would runne away laughing as his manner was; Sometimes would he knocke at mens doores, and when the seruants come, he would blow out the Candle, if they were men, but if they were women, he would not onely put out their light, but kisse them full sweetly, and then goe away as his manner was, ho, ho, hob: Oftentimes would he sing at a doore like a singing man, and when they did come to giue him his reward, he would turne his backe and laugh: In these humours of his, he had many prette songs, which I will sing as perfect as I can. For his Chimney sweepers humours he had these songs: The first is to the tune of, I have beene a Fidler these fiftene yeares.

-Blacke I am from head to foot,

And

of Robin Good-fellow

And all doth come by chimney soote;
Then maidens come and cherish him,
That makes your chimnies neate and trim.

Hornes have I store, but all at my backe,
My head no ornament doth lacke:
I give my hornes to other men,
And nere require them agen.

Then come away you wanton wives,
That love your pleasure as your lives:
To each good woman Ile give two,
Or more if she thinke them too few.

Then would he change his note and sing this follo-
ing: To the tune of, What care I how faire she be.

Be she blacker than the stocke,
If that thou wilt make her faire,
Put her on a Cambricke smocke,
Buy her paint, and flaxen haire.

One your carrier brings to towne,
Will put downe your City breed:
Put her on a Broakers Gowne,
That will sell her maiden head.

Comes your Spaniard proud in minde,
Heele have the first cut or else none;
The meeke Italian comes behinde,
But you French man pickes the bone.

Still she trades with Dutch and Scot,
Irish and the Germaine tall;
Till she get the thing you wot,
Then her end's an Hospitall.

The second part

A Song to the tune of, The Spanish pavin.

When Vertue was a Country maid,
And had no skill to set up trade,
She came up with a Carriers lade,
And lay at racke and manger.
She whist her pipe, she drunke her can,
The pot was nere out of her span,
She married a Tobacco man,
A stranger, a stranger.

They set up shop in Hunny lane,
And thither flies did swarme againe,
Some from France, some from Spaine,
Train'd in by scurvy Panders:
At last this hunny pot grew dry,
Then both were forced for to flye
To Flanders, to Flanders.

Another to the tune of, The Coranto

I peeped in at the Wooll sacke,
Oh what a goodly sight did I
Behold at mid-night chyme,
The wenches were drinking of mild sacke,
Each youth on his knee that then did want
A yeare and a halfe of his time:
They leaped and skippe,
They kissed and clipped,
And yet it was counted no crime.

The Grocers chiefe man brought sugar,
And out of his leather pocket he guld
And kuld some pound and a halfe:
For which he was sufferd to smacke her,
That was his sweet heart, & would not depart
But

of Robin Good-fellow

But turned and lickt the Calfe:
He rung her, and he flung her,
He kist her and he swang her,
And yet she did nothing but laugh.

Thus would he sing about Citties and townes, and
when any one cald him, he would change his shape, and
go laughing, ho, ho, hob. For his humours of begging, he
used this song, to the tune of, The Ioviall Tinker.

Good people of this mansion,
Vnto the poore be pleased,
To doe some good, and give some food,
That hunger may be eased:
My limbes with fire are burned,
My goods and lands defaced;
Of wife and childe, I am beguiled,
So much am I debased:
Oh give the poore some bread, cheese, or but-
Bacon, hempe, or Flaxe, (rec
Some pudding bring, or other thing,
My neede doth make me aske.

I am no common Begger,
Nor am I skild in canting:
You nere shall see a wench with me,
Such trickes in me are wanting:
I curse not if you give not,
But still I pray and blesse you,
Still wishing joy, and that annoy
May never more possesse you:
Oh give the poore some bread, cheese, or but-
Bacon hempe, or Flaxe, (rec
Some padding bring, or other thing,
My neede doth make me aske.

The second part

When any came to reléve him, then would hee
change himselfe into some other shape, and run laugh-
ing ho, ho, ho. Then would he shape himselfe like to a
singing man, and at mens windowes and doores, sing
cibill and vertuous songs: one of which I will sing,
to the tune of Broome.

If thou wilt lead a blest and happy life,
I will describe the perfect way:
First must thou shun all cause of mortall strife,
Against thy lust continually to pray.

Attend unto Gods word,
Great comfort 'twill afford,
'Twill keepe thee from discord,
Then trust in God thy Lord

for ever,

for ever,

And see in this thou p̄rsever.

So soone as day appeareth in the East,
Give thanks to him and mercy crave,
So in this life thou shalt be surely blest,
And mercy thou shalt finde in grave.

The conscience that is cleare,

No horror doth it feare,

'Tis voyd of mortall care,

And never doth despaire:

but ever,

but ever,

Doth in the word of God p̄rsever.

Thus living when thou drawest to thy end,
Thy joyes they shall much more encrease:
For then thy soule, thy true and loving friend
By death shall finde a wisht release
From all that caused sinne,

Of Robin Good-fellow.

In which it lived in;
For then it doth begin,
for ever,
for ever,

For there is nothing can them sever.

Those blessed joyes which then thou shalt possesse,
No mortall tongue can them declare:
All earthly joyes compar'd with these are lesse,
Than smallest mote, to the world so faire.

Then is not that man blest,
That must enjoy this rest:
Full happy is that guest,
Invited to this feast:

that ever,
that ever,
Indureth, and is ended never.

When they opened the window, or doore, then would
he run a way laughing, ho, ho, hob: Sometimes would
he goe like a Bell-man in the night, and with many
pretty verses delight the eares of those that waked at
his Bell-ringing: his verses were these,

Maids in your smocks,
Looke well to your locks,
And your rinder Boxe,
Your wheelles and your rocks,
Your Hens and your Cocks,
Your Cows and your Oxe,
And beware of the Foxe.
When the Bellman knocks,
Put out your fire and candle light,
So they shall not you affright,
May you dreame of your delight."

The second part

And in your sleepes see pleasant sights,
Good rest to all both old and young:
The Bell-man now hath done his song.

Then would he go laughing, ho, ho, ho, as his use
was, thus would he continually praise himselfe in ho-
nest mirth, never doing hurt to any that were cleanly
or honest minded.

How the Fairyes called Robin Good-fellow to dance
with them, and how they shewed to him their
severall conditions.

RObin Good-fellow being walking one night,
heard the excellent musick of Tom Thumbs brave
Bag-pipe: he remembering the sound (according to the
command of King Oberon) went toward them, they
for joy that hee was come did circle him in, and tri-
ring did dance round about him: Robin Good-fellow
seeing their love to him, danced in the midst of them,
and sung them this song, to the tune of, To him Ban.

The Song.

Round about little ones, quicke, quicke and nimble;
In and out, wheele about, run, hop, or amble.
Ioyne your hands lovingly, well done Musitian:
Mirth keepeth man in health like a Physitian.
Elves, Vrchins, Goblins all, and little Fairyes,
That do Filch Blacke, and pinch maids of the Dairies,
Make a ring on this grasse, with your quick measures:
Tom shall play, and he sing, for all your pleasures.

Pinch, and Patch, Gull, and Grim,
Goe you together,

Of Robin Good-fellow.

For you can change your shapēs
Like to the Weather,
Sib and Tib, Lick and Lull,
You all have trickes too,
Little Tom Thumb thar pipēs
Shall goe betwixt you,
Tom tickle up thy pipe
Till they be weary,
I will laugh ho, ho, hoh,
And make you merry.
Make a ring on this grasse,
With your quicke measures;
Tom shall play, I will sing
For all your pleasures.

The Moone shines faire and bright,
And the Owle hollowes,
Mortals now take their rests
Vpon their pillowes:
The Bats abroad likewise,
And the night Raven:
Which doth use for to call,
Men to deaths haven.
Now the Mice peepes abroad,
And the Cats take them:
Now doe yong Wenches sleepe,
Till their dreames wake them,
Make a ring on the grasse
With your quicke measures;
Tom shall play, I will sing
For all your pleasures.

Thus danced they a goodspace, at last they left and
sate downe upon the grasse, & to requite Robin Good-
fellowes kindnesse they promised to tell to him all the
exploits that they were accustomed to doe. Robin than-
ked

The second part

ked them and listened to them, and one began to tell his tricks in this manner.

The tricks of the Fairy called Pinch.

After that we have danced in this manner as you have beheld, I that am called Pinch, do go about from house to house, sometimes I find the doores of the house open, that negligent servants have left them so, I do so nip him or her, that with my pinches their bodies are of so many colours as a Hackrels back: then take I them and lay them in the doore, naked or unmade I care not whether; there they lie many times against their wils; they shew some parts about them that they would not openly have seene.

Sometimes I find a Slut sleeping in the chimney corner, when she should be washing of her dishes, or doing something else which she hath left undone: her I pinch about the armes for not laying her armes to her labour: some I find in their bed snorting and sleeping, and their houses lying as cleane as a natty dogs-kennell, in one corner bones, in another egge shells, behind the doore a heape of dust, the dishes under scate, & the cat in the cubboord: all these sluttish tricks, I do reward with blew legs, and blew armes, I finde some slovens too as well as sluts, they pay for their beastlinesse too as well as the women kind; for if they uncase a sloven and not unty their points, I so pay their armes that they cannot sometimes unty them if they would: those that leave foule shoes, or go into their beds with their stockings on, I use them as I did the former: and never leave them till they have left their beastlinesse.

But to the good I doe no harme,

But cover them, and keepe them warme;

Sluts

of Robin Good fellow

Sluts and slovens I do pinch,
And make them in their beds to winch;
This is my practise, and my trade,
Many have I cleanly made.

The tricks of the fairy called Pach.

ABout mid-night do I walke, and for the tricks I
play, they call me Pach. When I finde a slut a-
dore, I smutch her face if it be cleane, but if it be
dirty I wash it in the next piss pot that I finde, the
bats use to wash such sluts withall is a sowes pan-
cake, for a pilgrimes salbe: Those that I finde with
their heads nitty and scabbie, for want of combing, I
am their Barbers, and cut their haire as close as an
Apes taile; or else clap so much pitch on it, that they
cut it off themselves to their great shame: Slovens
also that neglect their Masters businesse, they do not
escape: Some I finde that spoyle their Masters ho-
ses for want of currying, those I doe daube with grease
and soote, that they are faine to curry themselves ere
they can get cleane: others that for lassnesse will giue
the poore Beasts no meate, I oftentimes so punish
them with blowes, that they cannot feede themselves
they are so soze,

Thus many tricks I Pach can do,
But to the good I neere was foe;
The bad I hate, and will do ever,
Till they from ill themselves do sever;
To helpe the good Ile run, and goe,
The bad no good from me shall know.

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The

The second part

The tricks of the Fairy called Gull.

When mortals keepe their beds, I walke abroad; and for my pranks am called by the name of Gull; I with a fained voyce do often deceive many men to their great amazement; Many times I get on men and women, and so lye on their stomachs, that I cause their great paine, for which they call me by the name of Hag or Night-mare: 'Tis I that steale children, and in the place of them leaue Changelings: Sometimes I also steale milke and creame, and then with my brothers Patch, Pinch, & Grim, and sisters Sib, Tib, Licke, & Lull, I feast with my stolne goods; our little pipet hath his share in all our spoyles, but he nor our women Fairies do ever put themselves in danger to do any great exploit.

What Gull can doe I have you showne,
I am inferior unto none;
Command me Robin thou shalt know,
That I for thee will ride or goe;
I can doe greater things than these
Vpon the land, and on the Seas.

The trickes of the Fairie called Grim.

I walke with the Owle, and make many to cry as loud as she doth hollow: sometimes I doe affright many simple people, for which some of them have termed me the Blacke dog of the w-gate; at the meeting of yeung men and maids I many times am, and when they are in the midst of their good cheare, I come in, in some fearefull shape and affright them, and then carry away their good cheare, and eat it with my fellow Fairies:

of Robin Good fellow.

Fairies : 'Tis I that do like a Scritch-Dwle cry at
sicke mens windows, which makes the hearers so
searefull, that they say, that the sicke person cannot
live : Many other wayes have I to affright the simple,
but the understanding man I cannot move to feare,
because he knowes I have no power to do hurt.

My nightly businesse I have told,
To play these tricks I use of old ;
When candles burne but blew or dim,
Old folkes will say here's Fairy Grim ;
More tricks then these I use to doe,
Here at cryde Robin, ho, ho, hoh.

The tricks of the women Fairies told by Sib.

To walke nightly as do the men Fairies, we use
not, but now and then we goe together, and at good
huswifes fires we warme & dresse our fairy children: if
we finde cleane water & cleane towels, we leave them
money, either in their basons or in their shoes; but if
we finde no cleane water in their houses, we wash our
children in their pottage, milke, or beere, or what ere
we find; for the sluts that leave not such things fitting,
we wash them face and hands with a gilded childes
clout, or else carry them to some river, and ducke them
over head & eares; we often use to dwell in some great
hill, and from thence we do lend money to any poore
man, or woman that hath neede; but if they bring it not
again at the day appointed, we do not onely punish
them with pinching, but also in their goods, so that they
never thrive till they have paid us.

Tib and I the chiefeft are,
And for all things do take care ;
Licke is cooke, and dresseth meate,

The second part

And fetcheth all things that we eate :
Lull is nurse and tends the Cradle,
And the babes doth dresse and swadle :
This little fellow cald *Tom Thumb*,
That is no bigger than a plumb :
He is the porter to our gate,
For he doth let all in thereat,
He makes us merry with his play,
And merrily we spend the day.

She having spoken *Tom Thumb* stood up on tip-toe
and shewed himselfe saying.

My actions all in Volumes are written,
The last of which will never be forgotten.

He had no sooner ended his two lines, but a Shep-
heard (that was watching in the field all night) blew
up a bag-pipe, this so frightened Tom, that he could not
tell what to doe for the present time. The Fairies see-
ing *Tom Thumb* in such a feare, punisht the Shep-
heard with his pipes losse, so that the Shepheards
Pipe presently brake in his hand, to his great amaze-
ment: Hereat did Robin Good-fellow laugh ho, ho,
hoh : morning being come they all hasted to Fairy-
Land, where I thinke they remaine.

My Hostesse asked me how I liked this Tale ? I
said it was long enough, and good enough to passe
time, that might be wasser spent : I seeing her spit
dye called for two pots, she emptied one of them at a
draught and never breathed for the matter : I emptied
the other of leasure, and being late I went to bed, and
did dreame of this which I had heard.

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